# THE SILLY SILHOUETTE AGAIN

the silly silhouette:
Say what you like it is really Stout Ladies Wear Styles spreads out smiling and good-natured like a piece of dough under a rolling fore.

Walking down town you see before ou what looks like a hogshead except duvetyn that ripples over her gener-

she would turn the scale at 400.

than her 190 pounds; in her new win- as well. ter garb she gives the impression that



THAT this is the son of seasons for en- as a separate course, French artichokes creatning, what with with a Hollandaise sauce, followed by debutante luncheons and after-the-theatre suppers and dinner parties, and that in consequence hostesses are racking menu could have been rendered sim-

their brains to think pler by omitting the separate vegeof new and delicious dishes to set be-table course. It could of course have fore their guests. It is a known fact been made much more claborate in a that these latter persons are somewhat number of ways, but simplicity is critical. They expect a menu worthy much more the rule new than it was of their distinguished consideration a few years ago. The thing is to have when they accept an invitation.

THAT luckily or unluckily as you merit. look at it, the markets are as full of Before a dinner given recently tiny delicious things in winter as in sum- sandwiches filled with highly spiced mer and so there need be no difficulty cheese, and crisp celery stalks also making up delightful menus; no stuffed with cheese, were served in the difficulty that is, unless it is a pecuni- drawing room with the Martini cock-

THAT at a luncheon given for a debutante the other day the first shocked. The first course at dinner course consisted of fruit cocktails. For consisted of clams served in green the uninitiated it may be explained pepper shells with a sauce of catsup, that these consist merely of grapefruit, horse-radish and other condiments. three tablespoonfuls apricot brandy, potato apples and stuffed tomatoes. yards in diameter. garnish the glasses.

## worse this season than ever be- Intended for Slender Girls pin. and Vice Versa.

that a tapering pin-point structure ous hips as the marcel waves of the to answer that question truthfully? about her eyes; her hair is tinged with tops it.

It is welking and you have a weird life a that there is something familiar to you in its metion. On coming closer to you in its metion. On coming closer at least two yards around; the you discover that the horshead is real.

This is merely a preamble to comment is tinged with search is the market waves of the Not you certainly. So you evade it by gray. A postillion hat is about as suitment on the fact that iron beds and saying "You look as if you were able to her as a baby's cap. Why does she wear it?

Probably because it is a new shape. you discover that the hogshead is really your fat friend. Mrs. Jones, in her the fullest of this season's skirts, and walk ten blocks with her, but it is not her when she went to buy a hat; if It seems but a few short months ago new winter garb. Dressed sanely Mrs. as short as the shortest, revealing not too much to say that you do it un- there is one person more than another since we picked up our wooden beds Jones does not look to weigh more only plump ankles but plump calves willingly. You like Mrs. Jones in her who tells you the truth about yourself bodliy as it were and cast them into

uffed potatoes and French peas; then

few courses, but to have those of great

tails-this was in a non-Prohibition

State, gentle reader, so don't be

"My dear," she says when you come

up to her, "how do you like me?" To top this picturesque costume Mrs. lady but as an exponent of this sea- sister.

pounds and has a double chin.

fashion than to look ridiculous. Mrs. Robinson calls herself to your

attention by wearing a postillion hat. The postillion hat, it is hardly necessary to explain, is that one now so popular which resembles a man's silk hat, only that its crown is slightly lower. Mrs. Robinson is not young, coats with the prevailing modes but Now who could be so heartless as Her face is worn; there are crow's feet

And these are not all of the horrible ous. It is at a dance that you meet Mrs. are stout ladies who wear pannier and Michael died-and they were pinecostume is superb; no one would deny bandaged for tonsilitis, and tiny little were willing to part with it, which

## THE BRASS BED IS

of Mahogany.

must not only alter our pettiour furniture as well.

This is merely a preamble to com-ment on the fact that iron beds and the new wooden bed is invariably a now that we've grown hygienic and have disappeared and are no more

private and personal capacity as a and your faults of features it is a outer darkness, declaring that they were unclean and generally pestifer-

examples that you could name. There The four-poster on which Uncle Smith fresh from the hands of a bustle drapery, and short-necked apple posts too, think of it!—you sold Parisian dressmaker. She weighs 210 ladies who wear collars so high that to an old colored man for a song. If Her they look as if their throats were you had that four-poster now and



The New Wooden Bed Is Invariably A faille silk and is finished with a plaid

Starries E

To say that fashions change is merely to state a truism and yet it does seem sad that we Twin Four Poster Beds In the ciden days when a bed were the content of the ciden days when a bed were the ciden days when a bed

made it was made to accommodate the family-mother, father and at many cubits wide and about as big least two children could sleep commodest nothing but the single bed obtains, and very single at that for it does not allow even one person much room to flounder about in when his conscience is troubling him and he cannot sleep.

And so nowadays at the secondhand man's there is nothing so cen-spicuous as the brass bed. There is the ornate brass bed with jig-saw-like trimmings for which your Aunt Jane paid \$75, and the plain brass bed with the brass wearing off most suspiciously, for which your Cousin Lettice paid a bare \$10, and other brass beds which you have known all twinklingly asking someone to purchase them. And in their places at home are twin beds of mahogany with four miniature posts, looking as much like the old-time tester beds as a little elephant looks like a big one.

It does seem a shame that there should be fashions in beds as well as in petticoats, but there are!

A pretty school frock for a girl is of navy blue serge. It is box-pleated from a yoke back and front and has stitched belt of the material. The hemstitched rolling collar is of white

# EASONABLE COTT

open fireplace has returned | wood, cretonne covered, and is as comup-to-date living room even if

coal must be burned in it. Black walnut furniture is again considered smart and many of the new Queen Anne dining room suites are made of this wood, but the new pieces goods of lighter or darker shades that of furniture are not hideously carved give some little effect of sunshine are as were the old ones.

The Adam patterns lead in bed room

Upholstered pieces for living rooms to run to rather large figures.

Among the pieces popular for bed

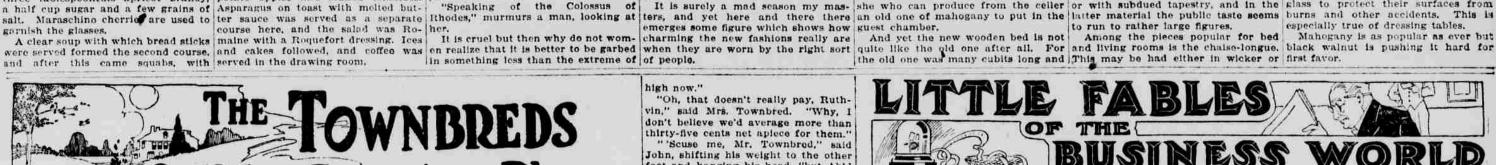
to favor and is a part of every fortable as it is attractive looking. Old-fashioned couches with one high

end are also seen again. Dead white materials are seldom used for curtains now but ecru-tinted

preferred. The dressing table draped in dust-

The tops of many handsome pieces especially true of dressing tables.

Mahogany is as popular as ever but



their Country Place (By Edward Riddle Padgett.)

distinctly and flatly understood that insisted that the merchant fix a price- lot of aigs now. But she-" Mr. Townbred should keep "hands

Now, if the truth be told, Mr. Townbred had been perfectly willing at first to abide by this agreement. Indeed, he was delighted with it; and he had no false pride, in that respect at least, about being "master in his own house, etc." But as time went on he forgot the

obligation and decided to take a hand affairs at Five Oaks. So, being that sort, he did it first and then told Mrs. Townbred about it afterwards.

For months now Mr. Townbred had been interested in chickens-theoretically. He had subscribed to several poultry journals and had perused them avidly at his office; but his activities had been confined to walking through the chickenyard at home and occasionally making a suggestion or two which somewhat astonished his wife.

He was hoping eventually to become so "up on chickens" that he would be able to tell her a few things about raising them and then declare boldly in favor of conducting a regular chicken business on a scale large enough to make the profits worth while. So, he was biding his time. And the other day in his office he

became much interested in an article in one of the journals to the effect that as soon as a hen had stopped laying with regularity she should be sold for table purposes. "Non-paying board- an approximate one, anyway. ers" the article called such hens when, their laying days over with, they were back on his head and grinned, stating turning to Mrs. Townbred. out of the incubators; but even this times and retire from business. But, good business!" was something of an extravagance. Of as a guess, he'd venture, say, eighteen course the article went into the matter a pound. And with that Mr. Town- it isn't, Ruthvin, if you consider it exhaustively; but the above was the bred had to be content, substance of what impressed Mr. Arriving at Five Oaks he straight-

Leaving the office a little early he went Townbred accompany him to the erbout two dozen ob dese fine pullets down along Commission Row, near the chicken yard, where John was giving runnin' eround heah-en she riz 'em City Market, and presently found a the feathered treasures their evening right!" perspiring and somewhat soiled feed. Pownbred salled right in as though he chickens equal to ours."

had been raising chickens all his life

derstood that Mrs. Townbred quickly, blinked a few times and con- ing their salt." should run it. And this understand- cealed a smile as he replied that the Mrs. Townbred looked up at him in ing was reached not through choice, market price of the day of sale would surprise. "Yes, I dare say you're or after argument and pleadings on determine that. Then he added that right," she agreed slowly. "But-" her part, but as a matter of necessity he would be glad to take the chickens, -since Mr. Townbred knew nothing and gave Mr. Townbred several of his asked Mr. Townbred, determined to

sisted that neither the servants nor venture in the poultry business, it was though she has passed her laying the chickens, nor the pigs, nor any up to him to drive a good bargain and days."
other stock, for that matter—could show Mrs. Townbred how capable he "You mean Biddy, sah?" said John serve two masters. Wherefor, it was was of handling such matters. So he "Well, sah, she ain't drappin' a whole

and asked what price the commission replied Mr. Townbred, "John is taking name! Specially Biddy! Yassah!" Never Again for Mr. Townbred merchant was paying for hens a year mighty good care of them." Then, and a half old, stating also that he casting his eye about critically, he ROM the very day the Town- would have a number of them to sell waited just the proper time and addbreds moved to their country within a few days, place at Five Oaks it was un- The fat merchant looked at him lot of old hens here that can't be earn-

"Are those old birds laying, John," of the country, and his wife did.

Mrs. Townbred was delighted to assume the responsibility, but she in
He felt that, since this was his first Red over there—she looks to me as

> claimed Mrs. Townbred.
> So Mr. Townbred explained again, and by way of additional information displayed the shipping tags.



Then He Added That He Would Be Glad To Take The Chickens.

Townbred so profoundly.

Way set to work. But he did it disSo, forthwith, he decided to act. creetly. On a pretext, he had Mrs. erful fine mother, sah. She done riz

"Then she's eating her head off! The fat dealer tilted his hat farther declared Mr. Townbred promptly, allowed to live and cat their share of that he wasn't a prophet and that what you might call a-a-er-a nonthe daily rations. Perhaps a few should were he able to foretell market price paying boarder. Now, of course 1 be saved to serve as mothers in the of chickens or any other commodity know nothing about chickens, my Spring when the new hatches were in advance he'd clean up a couple of dear, but it seems to me that isn't

only from the standpoint of eggs." "She's de cides' one ob de lot," said

"Seems to me, Frieda," suggested commission merchant who seemed to "Don't they look fine, Ruthvin?" Mr. Townbred, "it might be wise to us seventy-five or eighty cents, Now, "But-but-I told him I'd send side, regarded John a moment solemnhave the time and inclination to spare asked Mrs. Townbred. "Really, there gather up all these old hens that have you let me run this-I've already them in," objected Mr. Townbred, "and ly and then clucked as though she him a few minutes at least. Mr. isn't any one around here who has passed their laying days and send planned that during the winter we'll he'll be looking for them tomorrow—" them into market-chicken's right kill and eat these hens as we need

gone mad. "Speaking of the Colossus of

pineapples, bananas and white grapes This was followed by a delicious bouil- that. The underskirt is of silver lace, women who so envelop themselves in you would not be, you could sell it to cut into pieces and served very cold in with croutons, and this by indiin double cocktail glasses with a dressvidual fillets of beef served with a

The latter stands out over her hips as look as broad as they are long and

The latter stands out over her hips as look as broad as they are long and lovely. ing made of one-third cup sherry wine, Bearnaise sauce and accompanied by if it were wired. She is certainly four very much like a line full of clothes the wooden bed is back and more as-

emerges some figure which shows how guest chamber.

"Oh, that doesn't really pay, Ruthvin," said Mrs. Townbred. "Why, I don't believe we'd average more than thirty-five cents net apiece for them." "'Scuse me, Mr. Townbred," said John, shifting his weight to the other foot and hanging his head, "but Ah'd

hate free dem hens sent to market.

Yassah, dat Ah would! Ah done riz

to be interested in them in that way,"

ment in the chicken business, John!"

"You - you - you've what?"

"We'll do nothing of the sort!"

you been running this place? Do you!

chant would give? Market-price?

freight and hauling charges and war

John's face broke into a broad grin

-he wouldn't lose his chickens after

"Since when, may I ask, have

he'll sell them for us."

ax and-no indeed!"

sertive than ever, and it's a lucky are covered usually either with velour of furniture are covered with plate It is surely a mad season my mas- she who can produce from the celler or with subdued tapestry, and in the glass to protect their surfaces from

And yet the new wooden bed is not

## A Difference

dem mahsef en Ah feeds dem en dey knows me-yassah, dey knows me by Mr. Townbred, by main force, kept back a smile and tried to speak stern-

'Yassah, yassah," answered John his own Boss, "Now." continued Mr. Townbred turning to his wife, "I've made all ar-Drove himself Harder than he did Firm's machine. rangements with a commission merany who had to Take Orders from The fact that a fellow Landed a chant to ship all of our old hens into

him tomorrow or the next day and him.

was Concerned.

HERE was once a certain Young wanted an hour-and-a-half for Lunch. Himself to Act That Way. Man who was not only a Hog he wasn't Scared Green lest he be Now, it happened, one of these Felfor Work himself, but also Called Down for taking more than a lows was a Golf Fiend. Indeed, it any right to Loaf on the Job. He when Business was Slack, they'd take had him Going. And he lost no Op-

You can't have any senti- Right Hefty one and he was Virtually Work a chap should be Doing Some- Earned every penny of his Salary, but thing all the time, no matter what, -he would have his Golf. He, nat-Did he Abuse it? Did he take it during Working Hours. Which, no Easy? Nary an Abuse; nor any Ease, doubt, is a Good Theory for a man Hero's facetious Remarks. He worked like a Pile Driver and who is content to be a Cog in his

ten thousand dollar order of a morn-Not that he was a Slave-Driver. He ing, for instance, was no Reason Why wasn't, for the simple reason that he in his opinion Said Fellow should take hadn't quite that much Authority, The the afternoon off to Celebrate. Even other chaps were all Specialists in if that Fellow couldn't find any more other chaps were all Specialists in if that Fellow couldn't find any more their line, more or less, and he was Prospective Customers in and ready sort of the Filing and Book-Keeping to talk, he ought to spend the time at were Robbing the Firm of a Million office that put System and Record into his Desk in the Office looking like a "We'll do nothing of the sort!" de-clared Mrs. Townbred in positive tones. "Since when, may I ask, have Wherefor, he used to Delight in

Now, they were not Loafers, for telling the rest of them what Loafers think I'd sell my good hens for any they brought in Big Money for the they were and what an Easy Time such price as that commission merchant would give? Market-price? But they knew their own Value and Smiling when he said it—but it did Yes—minus his commission, and didn't figure that they had any Ey-the-Rankle in his Breast and Stir up his Clock Job. Out of the office nearly Bump of Envy. And though he tried came really interested. That was the

them, instead of spending good money firmly, "he can keep on looking, but

"Two months from now, Ruthvin," to buy chicken." she continued, "chicken will be way John's face fell. And he glanced up-why, ones of this size will cost sorrowfully at Biddy, his favorite.

> "Very well, Frieda-very well!" claimed Mr. Townbred. "It's the last ime I shall attempt to help you out. I don't want to run the place; but I not even once! do know that the poultry journal I've been reading says-"

"Poultry journal!" cried Mrs. Townbred, in pleased and amazed tones. "Do you mean to say you've been reading a poultry journal? Oh, Ruthvin, I'm so glad! You are really becoming interested? I can hardly believe it! I've wanted you to be for so long-so that we might run the place together and talk over things and plan and-and-come into the house now and I'll show you in figures why think it better business to save and fatten these hens for our own use rather than to sell them now-I'm simply delighted!"

'Huh!" said John to himself, as Mr. and Mrs. Townbred, arm in arm, walked away toward the house. And again, "Huh! Ah 'spects dey's some ch dese hens gwinter be et. But Ah 'lows old Biddy ain't gwinter ter be one ob dem-no, sah, not of Ah has to rob every hen-house in dis country ter keep Misus Townbred in chicken dis winter! Old Biddy gwinter die-"Pve Made All Arrangements With A Commission Merchant To Ship Our Old natchally, ain't you Biddy?"

And Biddy cocked her head on one thoroughly understood and-approved! He made up his mind he could make Mrs. Townbred (Copyright, 1915, by Edward Padgett.)

in a few Comforts along with their for their Conduct. In fact, he couldn's Labors. For example, if one of them even see how a Fellow could Bring

"That's all right, John, for you wasn't in Business for himself, but an Afternoon Off and just Monkey portunity of an afternoon to Sneak off a little Early and hie himself to to be interested in them in that way."
he did hold down a Job which gave Around.
he said, "but it costs money to feed those hens—and they are losing money other employes. In fact, it was a it Lodged in his Bean that to really Business Getters in the Links. He was one off the best Business Getters in the Links. He was one off the best Business Getters in the Links and the Links are but Business Getters in the Links. He was one off the best Business Getters in the Links are but Business Getters in the Links. He was one off the best Business Getters in the Links are but Business Getters are but urally, came in for the Bulk of Our

> One day, said Flend got O. H. when he wasn't Looking, so to speak. That is, he caught him in a Moment when the Business Bee wasn't Buzzing away inside his Noodle. Said Fiend urged him to close down his Desk and go out to the Country Club with him for a Breath of Fresh Air. And, fiend-like,

> Dollars. But-to his Amazement-he enjoyed himself. Nothing would do but that he must Take a Club and Whang away at the ball. Said Flend stood by to give him Pointers and Encouragement.

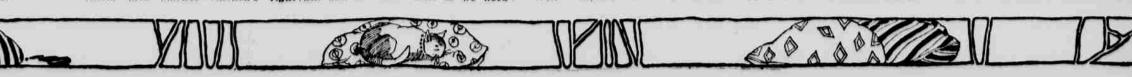
> After Three Holes O. H. made up his mind he could Make the rest of Drag him off the Links that evening.

Today, said Fiend isn't even in his he won't find any of my chickens! Class. O. H. has applied his Princi-That's final! Do I tell you how to ples of Business to the Grand Old run your office, Ruthvin? And didn't Came and he Works hard at it, While you agree from the start that I should he doesn't Skimp his work at the manage the place, chickens and all, Office, he's possessed with a Fiendis 1 without interference Well-then-" Desire to Do it Quick and then Ges ex- Out.

He Gets, too! Moral-Never whang at a golf ball-



the rest of them in fewer strokes



Hens Into Him Tomorrow.'